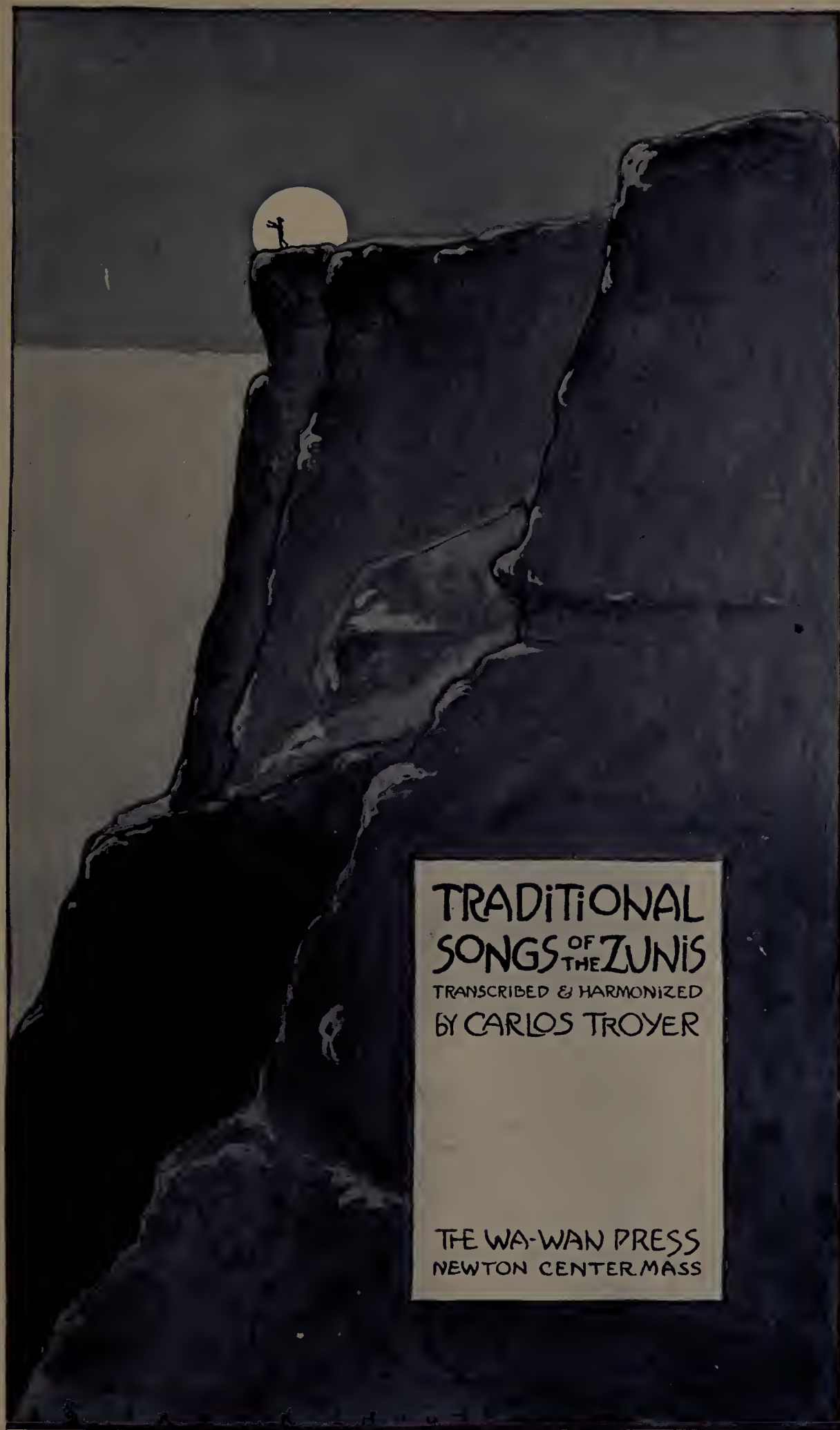


no 8050a.260

Pt. 1, 2.





TRADITIONAL
SONGS ^{OF} THE ZUNIS
TRANSCRIBED & HARMONIZED
BY CARLOS TROYER

THE WA-WAN PRESS
NEWTON CENTER, MASS.

80504 340
P. 1, 2

TRADITIONAL SONGS OF THE ZUÑIS

WITH ENGLISH AND INDIAN TEXT

TRANSCRIBED AND HARMONIZED

BY

CARLOS TROYER

8050a 260

Pr. 1, 2

-
1. Zuñian Lullaby and Incantation
 2. The Lover's Wooing, or Blanket Song
 3. The Sunrise Call
 4. The Coming of Montezuma

PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

THE WA-WAN PRESS
NEWTON CENTER, MASS.

1904

Copyright 1904 by
Carlos Troyer
International Copyright Secured

FEB 21 1905

G.

YHABLLCLUBP
BNT 70
NOT200870YTIO

INTRODUCTION

WE have tried four methods of approach to the Indian. First, by fighting him; second, by seeking to convert him; third, by treating him as a scientific specimen; fourth, by offering him the hand of fellowship. By the first way we have received in turn wounds, torture and death, and the material for a little superficial romance. Through the second method we have given him something he did not want and received nothing in return, being prevented by bigotry from receiving what he had to give us. Some tribes of the southwestern Indian today are compelled to conform to certain of our ceremonials, through the threat and pretense that their refusal will displease the "Great Father" at Washington. The wretched pretense over, the misfit garment thrown off, they retire where they will not be molested and, with true reverence, perform again the needful ceremony — the burial of the dead, perhaps — after the manner dictated by their own desires and beliefs. By the third process we have filled the shelves of great museums with rare and valuable objects, all carefully labeled, and the museum libraries with books learnedly written by scientists for scientists. It is wonderful work, but there is an aristocracy, a freemasonry about it all, that constitutes an almost impassible barrier between it and the America people. Finally, in the fourth way, the only way wholly compatible with democratic ideals, we have gained that which is to bring — which brings — the American people as a whole into a sympathetic relation with the Indian. For through his simple, direct, poetic expression, in ritual, story and song, which he is willing to communicate to one who approaches him as a fellow man, we are to recognize, once for all, his humanity and the wealth of interest and significance which it offers for the enrichment of our own lives.

So few men combining the faculties of ability and reverence have approached the Indian in this last way, that when one does so, he immediately attains a position of distinction. Carlos Troyer of San Francisco, the friend of Frank Hamilton Cushing, is one of these, whose modesty — that of the born artist — and the comparative obscurity of his life as a musician have caused him to be less generally well known than the singularity and romantic interest of his life would seem to warrant. Having already in his earlier life had thrilling experiences among the fierce Incas of Peru, he was well equipped for his subsequent visits among the initiate Zunis, who unite extraordinary severity of discipline with tenderness and humanity of a lofty order.

Professor Troyer has sent me the following program of the Ghost Dance, of which he was an eye-witness, which will serve to explain the origin of the music which appears in the present issue, and to give an elucidation of its content.

DESCRIPTIVE PICTURE OF THE GHOST DANCE OF THE ZUNIS.

"This dance is not strictly an annual with the Zunis; in fact various occasions may induce its performance, foremost, the recent death of a beloved member of their tribe. The ostensible object of this ritual, it would seem, is the calling into view and into their presence, the spirits of the departed, which they hold is best accomplished by the strenuous exertion of the fire-dance and by loud and urgent appeals and entreaties to appear and join them in the merry dance. The time chosen is usually at the full of the moon and the dance is participated in by most of the tribes-people. The ancient ruins and deserted and secluded places are the spots looked upon as favorable to this object, such as the old town of Zuni, but more frequently the plateau upon the

great thunder-mountain "Tai-a-olon-ne" is the special haunt of the annual ghost-dancers.

"This latter spot constitutes the highest elevation of the mount, which is about a mile in diameter. Standing upon a projecting rock within two hundred feet of the center, we could distinctly feel the heat (tho' in a cold winter night) of the tall, pyramid-shaped fire-piles in full blaze. Two concentric circles of fire-piles were visible, the piles of the outer being about five feet apart, the inner or central pyramids (about twenty feet from the outer circle) being built closer together. The dancers were almost nude, but most fancifully painted all over their bodies, the red color predominating, the turbaned heads adorned with eagle feathers and their feet clothed in moccasins.

"The opening of the dance was preceded by the blast of long, deep-sounding trumpets, accompanied by the beating of gongs and the snake-drums, which, together, had the effect of a solemn, dirge-like march (a-b as noted in the composition). This was followed by the appearance of some forty ghost dancers, holding in their right hands fire-brands, which they whirled to and fro, and in their left snake-rattles, which they shook at every step of the dance, singing to a wild monotone chant, "Hec, hec, hec, hec, hec, hec, tu-na, wo-ki, nai-ia, ku-ra hec, hec, hec," etc., meaning "Come, come, come among us, come be with us, all united we will meet you in the fire-dance, come, come, come," etc., (c-d). The dance proceeds immediately after the inner pyramids are lit, the dancers following a serpentine path in and out the outer fire-piles, but soon becoming lost to sight as the volume of smoke completely envelopes them.

"The chant is a constant and varied appeal to their departed friends, alternating in loud and low strains, once merry and joyful as in happy expectancy, then again mournful and entreating, that they should come and join them in their dance and make themselves visible. Thus by their acclamations and various methods, they seek to attract the spirits of the departed, first in merry-making, then by the imitation of sounds of wild animals, such as the wolf, coyote, mountain lion and wild birds, (which they are wonderful in imitating as a lure while on the hunt) (e-f): then again they appeal to their sympathies in mournful strains, begging them to be again among them to cheer their lonesome lives, and to these cries strange responses are echoed, bringing assurances that the spirits will soon appear to them (g-h).

"The climax of the greatest excitement of the dance was reached, when the inner fire-circle was at its fullest blast, and the cries and moans of the dancers rose to the highest tension. At this moment, when from all sides the closest watch was kept on the rising smoke of the central fire, a sudden lull took place—as of a deep inspiration before giving vent to their pent up feelings—for their anxious expectations seemed at last gratified by the appearance of slowly descending figures of transparent human forms. An outburst of the wildest joy and the loudest exclamations of welcome, nearly bordering on frenzy, took possession of the assembled crowd. These spectral figures were seen slowly descending and rising and in part keeping step with the music of the dancers, while the excitement was at its height. As the fires diminished the spectral forms quickly vanished (i-j).

"Then the dance was renewed again, this time the outer fire-piles being set on fire. The dancers, one and all, soon disappeared behind the burning pyramids as the smoke became the thickest and the fire-flames rose the highest. All the spectators now turned back to more elevated regions on the surrounding cliffs, to watch the progress of the second fire-dance. The same scene was enacted and the transparent human forms appeared this time still more distinct and apparently closer to the ground. The crowd

could now no longer be held back, and the surging mass rushed towards the center amidst the wildest cries and moans, only to find that all had vanished, ghosts and dancers alike, and nothing was left on the ground but the last dying embers and ashes of fire-wood."

From this remarkable picture it is to be seen that we must make a clear distinction in our minds between the weird Ghost Dance of the Zunis, and the pathetic Ghost or Spirit Dance of the Plains Indians, in which the latter call up the memory of their former free and happy life and invoke the pity and aid of Wakonda in their present wretchedness. In the "Ghost Dance of the Zunis," in the musical form in which we are offering it in the instrumental part of our quarterly edition, Professor Troyer has knit into a form closely following the significant features of the dance, the melodies, motives, calls and rhythms which he recorded on the spot. The harmonic treatment is for the most part conservative, but the Ghost Dance is remarkable in point of melodic character and in its sense of sustained motion.

The "Traditional Songs of the Zunis," which form the vocal part of our issue, were also recorded by Professor Troyer, and these are accompanied by descriptions of their significance in the tribal life. The Zunis have a highly organized and almost impenetrable civilization of their own, but one man's sympathy and daring has enabled us to gain these significant glimpses into its mysteries and meanings.



A word to critical persons. The Wa-Wan Press does not represent itself as a collection of masterpieces. It does not aim to be that which critics praise. It does not propitiate the gods of traditional culture. It does not seek to elevate the masses. It respects no coterie. It does not attempt to "cover mediocrity with a cloak of patriotism." It is not a financial scheme masquerading as a "noble cause." Why invent all these complexities when the thing is so simple! To the winds with all such thoughts and pretenses,—drop them over the rim of the Grand Canyon; they can not deface It, and they will be out of—not our way for they never were in it—but out of the critic's way, so that he can perceive a truer and more constructive way of criticism. Obliterate them.

The Wa-Wan Press is here to do Work for American music,—Work, not for pleasure alone nor for pay alone, but for both in due proportion; Work, not always trailing clouds of glory, but with its suite of efforts and mistakes; Work, so that something be done, something for us, here in America—so that the American composer and the American people can join hands,—so that our musical life, in its best aspects, may stand closer to the natural sympathies of our daily life. The Wa-Wan Press aims to begin to voice in music the life of these states,—the strong and elemental feelings of their aboriginal races, the substantial existence of their conservative population, the daring originality of their innovators,—the poetry of their natural scenes,—the dreams of their dreamers. This is a confessedly restricted scope of work; moreover it is a purposely restricted scope, defined, so that we can concentrate upon it and do it more whole-heartedly and better. Further, anyone who attempts this task will find it quite large enough to occupy him all of this life and all of the next that he is able to perceive.

The Wa-Wan Press presents examples of American music, not theories. It offers structures, not plans. It works for all individuals who are interested in life as expressed through music, though not all will be able to perceive the singleness of purpose which unites its often apparently divergent acts. The partialist will comprehend only parts of our work; the specialist, special features. The man steeped in Europeanism, in traditionalism, may not find more than one acceptable work

in twenty that we offer. The man who does not know the Law that art in its hungry course in a new land can not rest nor mature until it has assimilated the folk-expression of that land will write us as one did — the Professor of music in an American college, — “I am much interested in your work, but can not say that I sympathize with its archaeological aspects.” For the girl trained by the German music master, Wa-Wan might as well read Waterloo. The person who wants music “without so many accidentals” will turn back to the old regime and share the fate of Lot’s wife. The semi-enlightened person who expects us to be perfect according to his plan, or not exist at all, considers us lost at the first apparent mistake.

On the other hand, the enlightened, who know that we can not be perfect, even after our own plan, accept us as the sun accepts any hopeful growth. The sun encourages the growth of life as a whole, and does not withdraw its rays in apprehension at the first appearance of an imperfection. Had it done so, no tree would ever have come to flower and fruit. If the fruits of the field do not satisfy us, the chances are that we will get better results by cultivating the field than by railing at it.

Viewing the whole work of the Wa-Wan during its life of a little over two years, in the light of its ever broadening comprehension of its own purpose, the editor is probably in a position to criticize it more severely than can any one else. Criticism that is criticism is welcome. But we must first be sure that it is. Each work which the Wa-Wan produces must stand or fall by itself. We can not possibly judge of the value of the Wa-Wan by the value of any one or of any special group of its works. The Wa-Wan is not a chain, dependent upon the strength of each of its links, but a field dependent for its worth on the best that it produces. We welcome criticism, specific musical criticism, upon each composition by itself as it sees the light, or after, if it lives. And we would rather disband the Wa-Wan here and now, than to spend our energy pumping artificial life into any one of its works that is obviously still-born.

In the case of the Wa-Wan, the field in which we labor is incalculably large. And if we venture a critical estimate of the work accomplished thus far, we must take a very broad outlook upon this field and see what kind of growths are logically to be expected, and judge of the realized harvesting not too much by comparison with other fields subject to other conditions, not by comparison with a heretofore unchallenged and unproven opinion of our own, but with what we finally see is natural and needed, here and now.

As we have intimated,—and it is a principle worth accentuating,—the hunger of art growth in a new country is never appeased until every available source of new art life, and especially folk-expression, has been seized upon and assimilated. Read art history. The Wa-Wan is seizing upon the wealth of primitive song in America, upon the new or the serious or daring expression of American composers, is tracking down songs of the soil still unrecorded. Materialistically, America is sufficiently conquered. We have wrested a living from the soil from East to West, and now we must wrest from it its treasure of poetry.

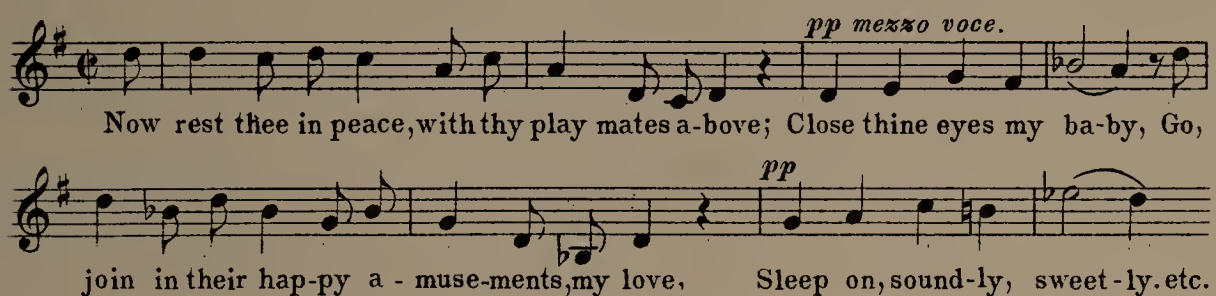
ARTHUR FARWELL.

Newton Center, April 1, 1904.

Zuñian Lullaby.

(a) Incantation upon a sleeping infant.

The Zuni mother, unlike her white sister, does not put her baby to sleep by singing a Lullaby to it, or rocking it in a cradle, or carrying it about in her arms. She simply lays it in a hammock, places her hand affectionately on top of its head and gazes at it with an intent, steady look, exhorting it in a low voice, half speaking, half singing, to go to sleep. Making a few passes over the child while pronouncing an Incantation, it falls to sleep in a few moments. The Incantation bears the character of an appeal, as in suppressed murmurs she urges the child to close its eyes, at the same time gently covering its eyelids with her fingertips. While still continuing her steady gaze into its eyes until it is asleep, she repeats soothingly the chant;



Now rest thee in peace, with thy play mates a-bove; Close thine eyes my ba-by, Go,
join in their hap-py a - muse-ments, my love, Sleep on, sound-ly, sweet-ly. etc.

When asleep, the Zunis believe the spirit is temporarily freed from the body and enters into happy communion with the good spirits of the other world.

(b) Invocation to the Sun god.

The Invocation to the Sun-god and other starry gods is to ask their special protection over the child while asleep, as the mother thinks that then her earthly care has no power to protect. The Zunis regard the Sun as the life-giver or the mother-of-life, and consider the moon and certain stars the celestial abode of all the good souls that have departed from the earth.

In this beautiful song, gesture and pose add greatly to its impressiveness and dramatic character, as the mother changes her position at every phrase (or every motive of two measures) attending the different gods which in turn she addresses.

The rise and fall in the intonation of her voice is very marked, and a slight retention in the rhythm of each phrase, if not in each measure, is perceptible, which renders the song still more profound and fascinating.

TRADITIONAL ZUÑI SONGS.

I. Zuñian Lullaby.

a) INCANTATION UPON A SLEEPING INFANT. b) INVOCATION TO THE SUN - GOD.

Transcribed and harmonized
by CARLOS TROYER

a INCANTATION.

Adagio ritenuto. (Soft, dreamy and with delicacy.)

p *sempre dolce* *pp* *legatissimo*

pp *legatissimo* *p*

pp *rallen*

tando *perdendosi* *pp*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

The Composer is indebted to Prof. Cushing for the original melodies of the first two Zuñi songs
Zuñi Songs 15.

Copyright MCMIV by Carlos Troyer.

b) INVOCATION TO THE SUN-GOD.

3

Largo con anima. (With great emotion and fervor.)

f *f* *p*

Grant! O Sun-god thy pro-tection, Guard this help-less
Ma - hi wá - ha nie - ma na - ha, Kó - ya lú - ho

f *mf* *p*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

pp *f* *f* *p*

in - fant sleeping. Grant! O Sun-god, thy pro-tection Guard this helpless
ná - mi tú - ho Má - hi wá - ha nie - ma na - ha Kó - ya lú - ho

f *mf* *p*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

pp *p* *pp* *> ritard.*

in - fant sleeping Resting peaceful, resting peaceful. *lunga pausa*
ná - mi tú - ho Ayo tú - ho, ayo tú - ho.

pp *p* *pp* *mf* *pp* *ppp*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Con spirito. *f* *dolce* *calando*

Star - ry guardians forev - er joy-ful, Faith-ful Moon-god forev - er watchful.
Zee - ya ló - ha ta - hi - ma noha, Noá - mi tu - ho ta - hi - ma lú - ho.

mf *f* *p* *pp*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

p sotto voce *mf* *p* *pp*

Grant! O Sun-god thy pro-tection Guard this help-less in-fant sleeping
 Má - hi wá - ha nie - ma na - ha Ko - ya lú - ho, na - mi tu - ho

p *mf* *p* *pp*

appassionata *f* *p* *pp ritenu - - - - do.*

Spirit living Spirit resting guard us, lead us, aid us, love us
 Máya tiéma Máya noma maé-hey, si - hi, tay - ha, nie - ma

f *f* *p* *pp*

pp rallentando *mf dolce* *p* *mf*

Sungod, forever Spirit living Spirit resting
 Maya no-ma Maya tie-ma Maya no-ma

pp *mf* *ppp* *p* *ppp* *mf* *ppp* *ppp*

ppp molto ritardando *ppp morendo*

guard us, lead us, aid us, love us, Sungod forever.
 maé-hey si - hi tay - ha nie - ma Maya noma.

ppp *ppp* *ppp* *Fine.*

Teo. * *Teo.* * *Teo.* * *Teo.* * *Teo.* * *Teo.* * *Teo.* * *Teo.* *

Teo. * *Teo.* * *Teo.* * *Teo.* * *Teo.* * *Teo.* * *Teo.* *

Teo. * *Teo.* * *Teo.* * *Teo.* * *Teo.* * *Teo.* * *Teo.* *

Zuñi Lover's Wooing

(or BLANKET SONG.)

Before the opening of the annual spring festivities, it is the custom especially among the graduated braves of a certain age—the sons of the Chiefs and high Priests—to seek for themselves a wife, who must also be a maiden in high standing in the tribe. It is almost incumbent upon a Zuni by the laws of his forefathers, in order to become eligible to the highest positions and honors of the tribe, to be a father, and especially to have male offspring.

The time considered by the Zunis propitious for advancing their addresses is at the approach of, or during, full-moon, and in the silent hours of the night, when the people rest in slumber.

Arrayed in most gorgeous attire, adorned with a handsome headgear of various colored feathers, and profusely decorated with silver ornaments, shells and turquoises, the young brave goes forth to the abode of his love. Every step scintillating with the music of his tarconeas and the beating of his snake-rattle filled with corals, he is indeed a delightful and captivating sight to behold. Yet his special pride in the display of his attire he attaches to his handsomely woven blanket, which he wears and gracefully waves in his dance with the object of inducing his beloved to come and take a walk with him, which confirms her actual acceptance of him, as her lover.

He first cautiously approaches the dwelling of his loved one, watching silently for any signs of her presence at home—listening for any strains of song from her lips, or a glimmer of light from the fire upon the roof—and when reasonably assured of her presence, enters with zeal into his happy song and dance. The coy maiden keeps herself well concealed from his gaze, until she feels more confident of accepting him. If she likes his personality or his blanket, or both, she will, as her first assent, throw him some various colored plumes, an arrow or bear's tooth, as emblems of love, bravery or fearlessness, according to her preference. He is however expected to repeat his song and dance a third time before the maiden decides to accept him or to make her appearance. Failing in the latter, he may as well consider his suit rejected. The language or expression of request in this, as in general in Zuni intercourse is always couched in most polite terms, never commanding or aggressive, but conservative and appealing, the request not being directly stated, but gracefully and poetically implied.

TRADITIONAL ZUÑI SONGS.

II. Lover's Wooing

or BLANKET SONG.

Recorded and harmonized
by CARLOS TROYER.

Andante.

p misterioso

molto vivo

Allegretto

O! What happiness! how de-lightful, When to-gether we, 'neath one blanket walk. We to-
Shan-e - tanda-mey, shan-e - lu-lu, Pa-ku - lu-u - ku, pa-ku - lu-u - ku, Shan-e -

f

dolce *dim - inu - endo*

gether, 'neath one blanket walk, We to-gether, 'neath one blanket walk, We walk.
lu-lu, shan-e - tan-da-mey Pa-ku - lu-ku, pa-ku - lu-u - ku, u - - ku

p

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. *

f

O! What happiness! how de-lightful, When to - gether we, 'neath one blanket walk. We to -
 Shan-e - tanda-mey, shan-e - lú - lu, Pa - ku lu - u - ku, pa - ku lu - u - ku. Shan-e -

f

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p dolce *diminuen - - do*

gether, 'neath one blanket walk. We to - gether, 'neath one blanket walk, We — walk.
 lu - lu, shan-e - tanda-mey, Pa - ku lu - ku, pa - ku lu - u - ku, u - - ku.

p

Ped. *

Can it be that my young maiden fair, sits a - waiting, all a - lone tonight? Is she
 Shu - a - tchi - ma, ho - thl lash - to - ki, ho - mi - sho - kia, teth - lin - ee - man - i? Homi

senza Pedale

con calore

wait - ing, for me on - ly? Is she wait - ing, for me on - ly?
 sho - kia, teth - lin - ee - man - i? Ho - mi sho - kia, teth - lin - ee - man - i?

Ped. *

f

May I hope it is, my young maiden, sit-ting all alone and a -
 Shu - a - tchi - a - ma, ho - mi sho - kia, ho - thl lash-to - ki, teth - lin -

f

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

p

wait-ing me; Will she come then? Will she walk with me? 'neath one
 ee - man - i; Shan - e - lu - lu, Shan - e - tan - da - mey? shan - e -

p

* *p*

p sotto voce *dimin - - -*

blanket, we to - gether be, We, We two, We two
 lu - lu, pa - ku lu - u - ku. Ku, Lu ku, Lu ku

p

Ped. * *Ped.*

uen - - do rallen - tan - do *f risoluto*

We two, We two, Will she come?
 Lu ku, Lu ku, Tan - a - lu?

f *fz Fine.*

* *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

The "Sunrise Call."

The "Sunrise Call" is one of the most inspiring features of the morning ceremonials of the cliff-dwellers. It assumes, however, a greater significance in its connection with the ceremonial for the "Coming of Montezuma," which is immediately announced thereafter.

Before the dawn of day breaks forth, the vibrating chime-plates are brought into action, — their whirr reaching the outermost dwellings of the pueblo and bringing the people to the roofs and tops of the houses. All is alive, — men, women and children all appear to obey the summons of the Sun-priest to rise and greet the mother-of-life, the rising sun.

With his great tuma, and amid the roar of big drums, he blazons forth the "call to rise" to the surrounding mesas, and receives from them a prompt and faithful response.

Having fulfilled his first duty, he next makes a fervent appeal in the form of a morning prayer, to the "Mighty Sun-god," imploring in a low and tremulous voice aid and guidance for his people, and concludes by repeating his first sunrise call again, to the distant mesas.

TRADITIONAL ZUÑI SONGS.

III. The Sunrise Call.

Transcribed and harmonized
by CARLOS TROYER.

Prestissimo vibrato. { *Vibrating the chime plates, to command the silent attention of the people to the distant response of the Sunrise Call.*

R.H. *ff* *L.H.* *Ped.* *f* *Ped.*

mezza voce *P* *R.H.* *L.H.* *2 Ped.* *Ped.*

> scintillante *dolce* *6* *2 Ped.* *2 Ped.*

> *diminuendo* *murmurendo* *pp* *2 Ped.* *2 Ped.*

Largo maestoso

The Sun-priest summoning through his great tuma the people of distant mesas, to rise and greet the morning sun.

f Rise! — a-rise! — a - rise!
 Wah! — ta - ho! — ta - ho!

*Echo**) Distant response.
pp Ventriloquise the echo.

f *ff* *decres - cen do perdendosi*
tremolo *pp* *sua bassa* *ten. ten.*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *2 Ped.* *

f Allegro ispirato. *poco*

rise! Wake! ye arise, life is greeting thee. Wake ye arise, ever watchful be. Mother
 ho! Wah! ut-ta-ho, na-wi tan-a - lo. Wah! ut-ta-ho, ta-hi man-a - lo. Maya

ppp *f* *p* *p* *p* *p*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

lento *molto lento*

Life - god, she is call-ing thee! Mother Life-god, she is greeting thee.
 na - wi, zu - mi teth - lan-i! Maya na - wi zu - mi tan - a - li.

p *p* *p* *p*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

*) How to produce the "Echo." An easy method to accomplish this most successfully other than by ventriloquism — is, by singing through the partly closed or hollowed fist of the Left hand covered by the Right hand, lightly or tightly, as the degree of sound may require. A little practise will soon produce a most perfect imitation of an echo. Always turn away from the audience, when singing it, as it will heighten the effect.

Largo maestoso.

f All a - rise — a - rise — a - rise! Rise! — a - rise — a -
 Quan ta - ho — ta - ho — ta - ho Wah! — ta - ho — ta -

pp Echo

ff tremolo *perdendosi* *pp*

decresc.

* Ped. * 2 Ped. *

Animato affetuoso. With appealing, tremulous voice.

p rise! ho! Mighty Sun-god! give thy light to us let it guide us, let it
 Ma-ya, zu - la, ven - u yan-a-la tan-o may - hey, tan-o

ppp *p*

2 Ped. * Ped. * 2 Ped. *

Echo

aid us, — See it rise! See it rise!
 tay - ha, Wan-a - lu! Wan-a - lu!

pp *ppp*

Ped. * Ped. * 2 Ped. *

p How the heart glows, how the soul delights, in the mus - ic of the
 Zan - u - vie - vi, zan - u - tan-da mey, ten-thlo mani Navi -

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Echo

sun - light. — Watch it rise! Watch it rise!
zu - ma. Wang - ga - lu! Wang - ga - lu!

pp *ppp*

2 Ped.

Tempo. *poco*

Wake ye, arise, life is greeting thee. Wake ye, arise, ev-er watchful be. Mother
Wah! ut - ta - ho na - wi tan - a - lo. Wah! ut - ta - ho ta - hi man - a - lo. Maya

f *p* *p* *p* *p*

Tempo. *Tempo.* *Tempo.* *Tempo.*

lento *molto* *lento*

Life-god, she is call-ing thee! Mother Life-god, she is greeting thee. All a -
na - wi, zu - mi teth - lan - i! Maya na - wi, zu - mi tan - a - li. Quan ta -

p *p* *p* *p*

Tempo. *Tempo.* *Tempo.* *Tempo.*

f *pp* *Echo*

rise — a - rise — a - rise! Rise! a - rise a - rise!
ho — ta - ho — ta - ho! Wah! ta - ho ta - ho!

decrescendo *perdendosi* *pp* *ppp*

ten. *ten.*

tr *tremolo* *pp* *2 Ped.* *2 Ped.* *2 Ped.*

The Coming of Montezuma.

This greatest and most all-important of events, the sacred ceremonial of the "Coming of Montezuma," is regarded by the Zunis, as well as many other of the Pacific coast native races, with the highest anticipation in their annual exercises. For though the Sun is generally worshiped as their Mother-god, — the giver and protector of life and health while on earth, — Montezuma is looked upon as their Father-god, and as having once lived among them on earth and ruled over them, giving them their laws and moral code and fighting for their independence. He was their messiah and deliverer, who promised them that he would some day return and deliver them from their enemies and suffering on earth and take them to their happy homes beyond the clouds.

The ceremonial opens with a vigorous and wild drum solo executed by a corps of drummers, each commanding a set of nine drums placed in a semi-circle before him, and all playing together in perfect accord and unison. The time of the opening of this most sacred exercise occurs in June and follows immediately after the Sunrise Call ceremonial. The Sun-priest of the highest order summons the people to watch the clouds rising with the sun, and to await with joy and the highest acclamation of welcome the appearance of Montezuma whom they expect will take them to their celestial homes.

TRADITIONAL ZUÑI SONGS.

IV. The Coming of Montezuma.

Recorded and harmonized
by CARLOS TROYER.

Vivace pressante. Great snake-drum reveille, to announce the approach of Montezuma.

f *resoluto*

sva bassa

ten.

lunga

pp

ppp

Ped. * *Ped.* *

ten.

lunga

pp

ppp

Ped. * *Ped.* *

ff *vigoroso*

sva bassa

ten.

lunga

pp

ppp

Ped. * *Ped.* *

ten.

lunga

pp

ppp

Ped. * *Ped.* *

Larghetto.
Summons of the Sun-priest, to watch the clouds.

Watch ye the clouds above, the
 Wang - ga, un mon - a - la, un

clouds a - bove, the sun.
 mon - a - la Na - wi.

dolce

Great Father-god,
 Ko - Maya - na,

he will come, he will come, he will come.
 yan-a - lu ku, yan-a - lu ku, yan-a - lu ku.

riten.

pp riten.

fz lunga

pdim.

He will come He will come.
 Yan - a - ku Yan - a - ku.

cresc.

f

fz lunga

Ped.

Watch ye the clouds a-bove, the clouds a-bove, the sun.
Wang - ga - un mon-a - la, un mon - a - la, Na - wi.

He's com - ing Monte - zu - ma, Monte - zu - ma, he comes.
Yan - u - ku Monte - zu - ma, Monte - zu - ma, a ku.

Bend low - er, he is com - ing, Monte - zu - ma, he comes,
Ta - po - na, yan - a - lu - ku, Monte - zu - ma, a - ku,

He _____ comes. He _____ comes. *lunga*
A _____ *ku.* _____ *ku. 8---*

Molto vivo. Chorus in unison.

p

We'll watch the gold - en clouds, The clouds a - bove the sun. — They rise above the
Wang - ga si - mon - a - la, — Un - mon - a - la Na - wi. — Ta - yo si mon - a -

f senza Pedale

p

ritard.

sun of life When Mon - te - zu - ma comes. — *a tempo* *ten.* *Echo. estindo sua*
la na - wi Ne Mon - te - zu - ma ku. — *ff* *ff* *ppp* *lunga*

Ped. *sva bassa* *Ped.*

f

When Mon - te - zu - ma comes to us he takes us far a - bove; — Be -
Ne Mon - te - zu - ma yan - a - la en - mon - a - la a - yo; — E -

f *p*

senza Pedale

dim. p *lento*

yond the cloud - y skies. — The skies. — *Echo*
lui - la mon - a - - la a - - yo. — *p* *pp*

Ped. *

f *animato*

He's com - ing, Mon-te - zu - ma, Mon-te - zu - ma, he comes.
Yan - a - ku, Mon-te - zu - ma, Mon-te - zu - ma, a - ku.

p

Bend low - er, he is com - ing Mon-te - zu - ma, he comes
Ta - po - na, yan-a - lu - ku, Mon-te - zu - ma, a - ku

p

He comes He A ku

p *cresc.* *f* *cresc.* *f*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

Great shouting, rejoicing and beckoning.

f *molto vivo e accellerando*

comes, comes, comes, comes, He comes.
ku, ku, ku, ku, A ku.

f *ff* *Fine.*

Ped. *Ped.*

THE WA-WAN PRESS

NEWTON CENTER
MASSACHUSETTS

THE OBJECT OF THE MOVEMENT

THE WA-WAN PRESS, at Newton Center, Massachusetts, is an enterprise organized and directly conducted by composers, in the interest of the best American composition. It aims to promote by publication and public hearings, the most progressive, characteristic, and serious works of American composers, known or unknown, and to present compositions based on the melodies and folk-lore of the American Indians.

Many persons are already aware not only of the resource and promise, but of the increasing ripeness of the composer's art in this country. For these, and all who wish to enjoy the fruits of our undertaking as a whole, and who wish to add the unit of their personal force to the work of building up a musical art that shall represent the highest talents and ideals of American composers, our works are issued quarterly by subscription, to the amount of eighty to one hundred pages per year, at six dollars. This is a liberal reduction from sheet music prices. For artists, teachers, and others who may wish to procure single copies of our compositions, they are also obtainable in this form, at sheet music prices.

We invite correspondence from all who are interested, and will send prospectus and catalogue upon application. We will also be glad to send subscription issues or single copies of our compositions on approval.

THE WA-WAN PRESS.

VOLUME III : SPRING QUARTER : PART I : APRIL

✿ THE ·· WA-WAN ·· PRESS ✿

NEWTON CENTER : MASSACHUSETTS : 1904



TRADITIONAL
SONGS ^{OF THE} ZUNIS
TRANSCRIBED & HARMONIZED
BY CARLOS TROYER
SECOND
SERIES

THE WA-WAN PRESS
NEWTON CENTER MASS

8050a.260

PA 2

TRADITIONAL SONGS OF THE ZUÑIS

WITH ENGLISH TEXT

SECOND SERIES

TRANSCRIBED AND HARMONIZED

BY

CARLOS TROYER

8050a. 260

Pl. 2

-
1. THE FESTIVE SUN DANCE
OF THE ZUÑIS
 2. THE GREAT RAIN DANCE
OF THE ZUÑIS
-

THE WA-WAN PRESS
NEWTON CENTER, MASS.

1904

Copyright 1904 by
Carlos Troyer
International Copyright Secured

FEB 21 1905

G.

INTRODUCTION

THE United States of America is like unto the man that letteth not his right hand know what his left hand doeth. The Wa-Wan Press lifted up its voice long ago, like one crying in the wilderness, for a sympathetic artistic understanding between East and West. Today neither East nor West knows nor cares what the other is about. National political unity, the most materialistic phase of the expression of the United States' spiritual unity, has compelled a certain slight degree of sympathetic political understanding. But national artistic unity—the single multitudinous voice of our national aspiration to beauty, truth and brotherhood, this, where it exists at all, exists as but a dream. National government, which looks to our material freedom for the pursuit of happiness, has long since possessed the consciousness of being as broad as the land. National education, which strives for our individual mental equipment for that pursuit, is also able to feel its own pulse from east to west. But national art, the insignia of our happiness, that which is capable of enabling any single American, however remote, to dwell in the consciousness of the unified spiritual ideal of our land, we have not. But we have the elements of it, and those elements must be brought together, and brought together before each is so matured and hardened in itself that it shall be incapable of uniting with the others.

The mere bringing together of these elements does not in itself constitute national art, but it does create the indispensable atmosphere of sympathy in which alone national art can be born.

Let us pause to deny, categorically, the power of the professional art critic to gain this standpoint,—the heart of our national humanity,—by virtue of his very calling. For that calling, as practised, consists in judging American expression from traditional and alien models which can never be America's final guides. And even the critic who has emancipated himself from the entailing clutch of this tradition, if such an one can be found, will be basing his emancipated criticism upon a theory, and not upon the rough, pioneer, east and west field-work which the First American Critic will have to undertake. Iced water over a fire refuses to rise in temperature until all the ice is melted. And the temperature of our national art will not begin to go up until there is melted in our hearts all the ice of our disregard for the meanings of human life in every remote corner of our land. To say nothing of vast central tracts! And this phenomenon may happen at any moment in any individual heart, so it is well that we should keep our lamps trimmed and let not the oil run low.

Our labors must consist in the bringing into one arena, visible to all, of all the diversified musical impulse which our land affords. We have a house to build, but we must first gather the material, and that without being over critical, so long as the lumber has the true ring to it and is fairly free from knots, and the stones capable of being hewn into proper shape later. Builders were long since warned not to be over-hasty in the matter of rejecting stones. Our chief concern is that the material shall be from native sources. Again and again let us reiterate that this work must stand close to the heart of the American people,—that this is of far greater importance than that it should flatter the artistic sophistication of a few. When the American genius gets well to work rearing its towers on this communal foundation, then will there not only be complete artistic satisfaction for all who take a sane and living view of the matter now, there will be artistic heights utterly transcending the comprehension of the sluggish non-producers who sit in the seats of the scornful today. But the foundation itself

must be one upon which any citizen of the United States can and may stand, whether he have the mental and moral strength to climb to the towers or not.

The distinctively national significance of this work, its special meaning for the United States at the present time, and the very feature singled out for the severest condemnation,—is the very aspect of the work upon which the Wa-Wan wishes to lay the greatest stress at the end of its third year. Art should be universal, say some, and therefore nationality imposes a restriction upon it. While there does exist a secondary sense in which this is true, only the man who is utterly blind to the immediate truth of the matter can make such an assertion. In the sense in which it is true it is also inapplicable, like ideal anarchy. It is true that the Italian genius, or the Catholic genius, which was practically synonymous with the Italian for Dante's time, imposed a limitation upon Dante's work. But had not Dante been great enough to wholly inform that national spirit with the breadth of his sympathy and understanding he would have been less great than he was. The particular nature of the Teutonic genius unquestionably limits Wagner's art, and Beethoven's, but by fully maturing and revealing that genius, humanizing it to the last degree, they made it universal for all time, as did Dante the Latin genius of his epoch, or Homer the mythic period of Greece. It sounds very well for the American artist, who does not understand the thousandth part of the spirit of his own nation, to talk about the universality of art: it calls forth the admiration of his friends for his breadth of mind, because they have heard somebody say that art should be universal and not national. But let him start out on a voyage of discovery—it is not absolutely essential that he leave his own town—to learn whether he really comprehends, and can voice the spirit—the ideal—of this whole land of the United States of America. It is far more than likely that his snark will prove a "boojum," and that he "will never be met with again." When his sympathies can fairly encompass one whole nation it will be time for him to begin to think of uniting the nations. That man who can truly voice the spirit of a single representative city will leave an indelible mark on his nation's record. All men, merely by virtue of being members of the human family, are in a sense super-national, but when it comes to art, the peculiar faculty of expression, let a man interrogate his talent, whether or not it be capable of manifesting the super-national region of his nature. To fall into the trick of skillfully imitating a tradition which was made universal in significance by men who consummated the fruition of an earlier and alien national spirit, that is not to be universal. Far from it. Yet this is one of the most omnipresent and fatal blind alleys that leads our artists to the death of imitative stagnation. They cry out "do not use that limited national motive; look at my universal art-work," and they show you the most despairingly, maddeningly smooth imitation of the last flowered tradition in art history, which was only a special national or racial ideal made universal in its appeal by some artistic titan who smashed through the limitations of some earlier special ideal to do it. Only he can be truly universal in his art who makes a new tradition beginning and ending with himself. He touches the pulse of the universe and is forgotten of neither god, man nor the devil.

In ideals of human destiny, the United States of America consciously or unconsciously stands for certain living issues, which must concern all humanity. Whoso can perceive the nature of those issues, whoso—and here is the very kernel of our point—whoso can become Sufficiently National to identify himself with and to express those issues, will attain the closest approximation to ideal universality possible to any American of the United States. All humanity will accept him. And it is a cardinal point of our belief that no imitator of such a man, however close to him, can be equally universal. For the most vital word possible having been spoken, and by the one inspired by the vision of it, nothing equally vital and universal can be uttered

except by the one who shall have a new vision of his own, born of humanity's and his own later standpoint. And the artist can reach humanity most directly and sympathetically through his own flesh and blood, his own race, which most naturally coincides with his own nation.

For these reasons are we pledged to the United States of America, to which our work is dedicated once and for all.



Benighted souls still exist who deny to the United States original musical art initiative of the highest order. But within the month the writer has had the privilege of seeing an original American music-drama production, which, by a comparison acknowledged to be odious, makes every similar experience within the range of his observation at home and abroad seem sick and pale, with the single exception of Bayreuth, which latter, even, in some of its most important features, falls short of the present instance. The Bohemian Club of San Francisco is not unknown to fame, but its annual midsummer celebration among the giant redwoods of its own "Bohemia" grove has only in the last three years assumed the wholly amazing artistic proportions which it now possesses. Merely to go, for a day, among the great redwoods, is one of the unspeakably great experiences of a lifetime. The mystery, the silent gentle majesty of these greatest and most ancient of living things upon the earth carries with it a spell that must remain as an imperishable and fragrant memory in the spirit forever. To go among them for a day and a night is a greater experience. To go among them for a number of days and nights with more than half a thousand men inspired by a common and exalted purpose, is greater still. When it is realized that that purpose is to celebrate joyousness and freedom from care, by the giving, in this vast giant-guarded open, of a music-drama of lofty significance, with chorus, principals, full orchestra and a setting of unimaginable dignity and beauty,—a drama of which these men have produced the poem, the music, and the spirit and realization of the circumstance,—such a piling of Pelion on Ossa must wholly bewilder the imagination, and leave us wondering what it is all about, and what like! And therein lies the mystery and the beauty. For it is about the ideal spirit of American life and native art impulse, and is like, so far as we can know, nothing else that men have ever had the good fortune to see. Such, after thirty years of evolution, is the "Midsummer High Jinks" of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, where art is the symbol of the joy of brotherhood. Who shall have courage to say that the Bayreuth Idea is greater, or to define what this may not yet become!



Other benighted souls still exist who deny the possession of native folk-song by the United States. Often enough has the Wa-Wan pointed to the various departments of native American folk-song, and as time goes on will have much more to show. And now another vast department looms up. For three hundred and fifty years have the Spanish and Mexicans been identifying themselves with the southwestern part of our land, until their life has become integral with it. As people who are close to the soil require their own songs of their own life, and can not thrive on those that are more or less remote in time and place of origin, we find as we should expect, that the extensive Spanish-American population of the southwest has its own appropriate folk-song, in apparently inexhaustible supply. And until the present time no attempt whatever has been made to preserve this wealth of songs belonging to American soil. This work, which is nothing less than colossal, has at last been undertaken by the newly organized Southwestern branch of the Archæological Institute of America, of

which Mr. Charles F. Lummis is the leading spirit. The undertaking of colossal tasks is a confirmed habit of Mr. Lummis', who began his western life by walking from Ohio to Los Angeles and there building, with his own hands, a large house of boulders, beams and cement. Not one of the historic missions is a more remarkable structure than this house, which is built in such a way as almost to enclose a central court or *patio*. Therein rises a spreading four-trunked sycamore, beneath which a large shallow open well or fountain affords a home for a colony of goldfish, as well as a picturesque circular seat where a profitable hour may be spent in viewing the quaint and massive architectural conceptions of the builder, and the still more massive pile, through the tall eucalyptus trees, of the Sierra Madres twenty miles away. Among the many treasures which the house contains is a large chest full of phonographic records of the songs of Spanish Californians and Indians,—American folk-songs, and each month, almost each week, sees rare and important additions to this collection from sources often most strange and romantic. The writer is at present under Mr. Lummis' hospitable roof and is transcribing these songs. A complete report on them will be made by the Southwestern Society, and certain of the more remarkable songs will be given out in a more complete musical form later by the Wa-Wan Press.

ARTHUR FARWELL.

Los Angeles, October 1, 1904.

1. The Festive Sun-dance.

This is considered by the natives the most joyous and happiest of the sacred dances of the year and is called by them the "beautiful" Sun-dance. Being also one of their annual song-dances and a festive day of great pomp and display, they are arrayed in their finest and richest attire.

They give thanks that day in the bright sunshine to their Mother-god the Sun, and to the moon and favored stars. The women carry beautifully carved tablets on their heads, which display in transparent symbols the celestial gods they worship; the sun, moon, stars and lightning. The men also are brilliantly attired in the brightest colors and feathers and stand each behind a maiden in the dance, beating with their tarconeas in rhythmic accord with the special inflections of the song and with their joyous exclamations.

It is a sight rarely to be forgotten, the dignified grace and ease of their movements, contrasting with their joyful voices and modest demeanor. The scene is most impressive and pathetic towards the close of the song, which they repeat many times in their round, when their voices affect a low tremulous appeal.

1. The Festive Sun-dance.

Recorded and harmonized
by CARLOS TROYER.

VOICE. *Andante.*— CHORUS of BRAVES.
 What a joyous day, What a great day, When the
 PIANO. *Tempo di Marcia.*
 Virgin-maids, lead the sun-dance. We are glad to join, in the festive dance, On the
 great day, of the sun feast, of the sun feast. On this festive day, dressed in
 bright ar-ray, Are the Virgin-maids of the sun-dance. Hail to thee! Vir-gin

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

CHORUS of VIRGIN MAIDENS.

maids. Hail to thee! You are wel-come brother braves, Come and

mf

f

Ped. *Ped.*

join us in the dance, For your hearts are true, to the Sun - god. We give

p *dim.* *mf*

p *dim.* *f*

Ped.

thanks to mother-god, For her works are great and good; As we learn and know, and by

p *dim.*

p *dim.*

Ped.

ALL in UNISON.

steps grow. This is how we rise: first in child-hood, we are

dolce.

dolce.

helpless then; Next in boy - hood, when our limbs are free, we shout a-loud, and

mf poco a

mf poco a

Ped......*

roam a-bout. But in man-hood, we grow staid and wise, 'tis thus we rise.

poco f cres cen do.

poco f cres cen do.

Ped......* *Ped.*.....* *Ped.*.....*

So we glo-ry in the sun, She gives Life to ev'ry one; Gives us food and strength, by her

ff p dim.

ff p dim.

Ped......*

sun - light. And we love her children too, All the bright and happy stars. They are

Ped......*

p dim. *mezza voce.*

guiding us, in the dark night. And they say to us: Come and

p dim. *mezza voce.*

molto lento - - - e - rall - - - en - - - tan - - -

join us; we will dance and sing, in the sun - light. In the

molto lento - - - e - rall - - - en - - - tan - - -

- do. *D.C.* *mf a tempo.*

sun - light. Hail to thee! Hail to

- do. *D.C.* *mf a tempo.*

thee! *f* Moth-er - god. _____

f *ff* *fff* *fz*

Ped. _____ *

2. The Great Rain-dance of the Zuñis.

The Great Rain-dance, of all the sacred ceremonies, is considered the oldest traditional song-dance known among the Zunis, as we are assured by the oldest members of the Priesthood of the Bow. Deeply rooted in the tribal life, exciting and popular in a high degree, it has for its special purpose the supplication for rain to the Rain and Thunder-god and the production of rain by means of the sacred fires. Extensive preparations are made and great care is exercised in carrying out this ceremony. At sundown numerous fires are lit on the housetops of all the cliff-dwellings, and particularly on the heights of the surrounding mountains and mesas. These fires are prepared and kept burning for nights and days together, till rain welcomes the worshipers and relieves their efforts and prayers.

The rain-priests, sitting directly in front of the fires, which are never allowed to go out, ignite a certain firewood which develops a thick smoke which rises in curled and straight lines towards the sky. Hundreds of such fires are kept up and supported by the Priests and the people. Incantations and entreaties are made to the Rain-god to give them the needed rain and long and ardent chants are sung by the young braves and especially the "Virgin maidens," while the Rain-priests exhort the dancers to sing and dance with all the fervor of their souls. The maidens are dressed in white robes and wear tablets on their heads, which are figured with scalloped lines of cumulous clouds, on either side of which are represented a bolt of lightning.

The dance and song is continued both by men and women, and lasts not only for hours, but for days in succession, and the endurance of the dancers is something beyond belief. Their resolution, enduring faith in their ultimate success, their willingness and transfixed gaze, bespeak the deep and undying confidence they repose in the Rain-god to bring them the desired rain.

To show what importance is attached to the performance of this event, the Grand Master of ceremonies, who is also the song and dance leader in chief, every year and at every repetition of the rain ceremonies personally directs all the exercises with great minuteness, accuracy and zeal. The slightest defect, either in modulation or rhythm of the song or motion of the dancers, is instantly and severely reprimanded. Those so instructed are only the young braves and the Virgin daughters of the higher cast or offsprings of distinguished chiefs and those risen to high degrees of their order. All implicitly and faithfully obey, which in general is a national characteristic with them, inasmuch as they regard all their instructions as being handed down to them from their great forefathers, whom they ever honor and highly revere.

To follow the superhuman efforts of this exciting ceremonial to their end, is to behold the accomplishment of their purpose—the downpour of a copious rain. Through the influence of what power, the observance of what natural law this is accomplished, we may not know with certainty, but it is a singular fact that their rain-ceremonies have invariably resulted in an abundant downfall of rain.

In the present version of the Rain-dance, the greatest care and attention has been exercised to preserve the true and simple outline of the melody, and in harmonizing it, to follow the natural impression their support of crude instruments would convey and to render their expressions and sentiments as descriptive and realistic as possible. So simple, true and brave a people, so dignified and refined in manner and action, require no fanciful embellishment or ornamentation to their singing nor their instrumental music.

TRADITIONAL ZUÑI SONGS. Second Series.

2. The Great Rain-dance of the Zuñis.

Recorded and harmonized
by CARLOS TROYER.

Precipitáto con fuóco. (Striking the wolf-drums to announce the opening of the rain-dance cer-

PIANO. *ff* *Ped.*

emonials.)

p *mormoroso.*

** 2 Ped. * Ped. **

Moderato (Chief Rain-master calling out the "Virgin-maids" to open the rain-dance.)

tranquillo
Come ad-vance, Vir - gin-maids,

tranquillo

senza Pedale

come ad-vancè.

Stand in line, Vir - gin-maids, sing and dance. See! the clouds are forming,

Down be-low'tis storm-ing, Watch! the lightning flashing, Hear! the thun-der crashing,

Clouds a - rise, Up the skies Do you see them ris - ing yon-der?

poco *a* *poco* *cres*

Ped. ** Ped.* ***

They are com-ing, they are com-ing, Fill - ing up the skies.

cen do.

** Ped. **

General hailing, shouting and beckoning the clouds to descend.

ff accelerando

Hail them, hail them, hail them, hail them, Hail them, they are com-ing low-er down up-on the

ff

Ped.

ground.

decres cen

3 3

scintillante

Signal for silence. Striking the chime-plates -

do. pp

Ped.

3 3 3

Listening to the distant roar of thunder.

lunga pp

ppp

* Ped. * 2 Ped.

dim.

R.H. pp mormorendo

L.H. 8va bassa

* Ped. *

Moderato.

SONG OF THE VIRGINS.

1. Come a - gain, come a - gain,
2. Rain drops sink, 'neath the hills,

senza Pedale

come, good rain, Fall up - on the moun-tains, and on the plain
there they hide Soon a - gain to come out, in - to the light

Sink in-to the ground, Running down the steep where the springs a-bound; rock-y cliffs they leap; Sink in-to the ground, Running down the steep

where the springs a-bound. rock-y cliffs they leap. Drop by drop, drop by drop, springs are made; Look on high, look on high, clouds near by; Drop by drop, drop by drop, springs are made; See the clouds, com-ing nigh, Com-ing close, com-ing close,

poco a poco

*Ped. * Ped. **

Drop by drop, drop by drop, springs are made; Hang-ing low, hang-ing low, there they go! See the clouds, com-ing nigh, Com-ing close, com-ing close,

cres cen do

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

near-er, near-er, near-er, near-er, low-er, low-er, low-er, low-er, flood the val-leys and the pue-blos coming nearer, coming nearer, Hail them! hail them! hail them! hail them!

ff f ff accelerando

*Ped. **

Hail them, they are com-ing low-er, down up-on the ground.

dolce
decrescendo

pp scintillante
lunga
ppp
2 Ped. * Ped. * 2 Ped.

R.H. *mormorante*
L.H. *8va bassa*
* Ped. *

INVOCATION TO THE RAIN-GOD.

§ Dolente - mezza voce

Great Rain-god hear us, Watch thou our ef-forts,

How much we all en - dure Your good will to in - sure,

Hear — our plaint - ive song, See thou our dance pro - long.

molto lento

Good Rain - god help us now, Give us more rain.

molto lento

Come quick - ly

in a tremulous voice

down thus; Rain makes us pros - - - perous;

Low - - er, still low er, Down, down,

low, low, Now! watch the flee - cy cloud,

spread - ing all a - - bout.

ritard. *a tempo*

lunga

RAIN CHORUS.

Allegretto (jubilant.)

Rain now is here with us, We will be pros-per - our.

8va bassa.....

Rain now in plen - ty falls, Light-ning gleams! Thun - der calls!

loco

Good rain has come to us Let us re - joice.

Rain - god is gen - er - ous Loud - ly raise your voice.

8va bassa

All hail! with grate - ful heart, grate - ful heart, Joy - ous heart:

loco

Hail! all hail, all hail Great Rain - god

8va bassa

Ped. * Ped. *

hail Great Rain - god hail!

8

loco

Ped. *

VOLUME III : AUTUMN QUARTER : PART I : OCT.

❧ THE ·· WA-WAN ·· PRESS ❧

NEWTON CENTER : MASSACHUSETTS : 1904

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 08940 312 3

W. H. C. Library.
JUN 22 1905

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

Music Department

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.

